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MELODIES OF A MODERN MUSE.

By ALBERT J. HEIL.

Melodies

of

A Modern Muse

by

ALBERT J. HEIL.

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PART I.

AMATORIA.

POETS WEDDING.

ONE morning fair, to the forest shady
I wandered forth with my sweet lady;
Unto her there I faltering said:
In this deep wood, love, let us wed.

But she made answer sweet, replying,
And all the while so gently sighing:
We cannot wed in the forest, dear;
For lo! There is no witness here.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit, that grave flower
Shall bind us, love, in his secret-bower;
And songful birds shall sweetly sing,
When I give thee thy wedding-ring.

In that cool wood, with thick leaves bedded,
The *Muse* and I were stilly wedded;
And gentle fairies and gay-clad flowers
Were witnesses to that bond of ours.

In Fancy's realm we have made our home,
O pleasant 't is with the Muse to roam.
And a faithful wife is the Muse to me,
For she bore me songs of *Poesy*.

BUTTERFLY AND FLOWER.

Butterfly past gardens fair
Onward went astraying;
Heeded not their beauty rare,
For she would be playing.

Flower said to Butterfly:
Come, my lips are sunny!
I will paint thy wings while I
Feed thee on sweet honey.

But in vain the Flower sighed,
For she would not listen;
Light o'er hill and dale she hied;
How her wings did glisten!

Thought, when ev'ning paints the West,
Flower will be pleading;
Then I'll get me couch and rest,
On her honey feeding.

Softly ev'ning hastened on,
Butterfly had wandered;
All her morning's cheer was gone,
All her beauty squandered.

Now she bade the Flower call.
Quickly on she hasted;
Lo! she found it withered all,
And its splendor wasted!

* * * * *

Thou sweet maid who readest this,
As thro' life thou goest;
If thou taste not Love's sweet bliss
Nor Love's bidding doest;

After years have hurried by,
Thou again returnest;
Dead and withered Love shall lie!
Vainly then thou yearnest.

LOVE'S CASTLE IN THE AIR.

COME with me, gentle maiden
To yonder grey old tower!
There 'neath the linden's umbrage,
I've made for thee, thy bower.
There let us sit the live-long day
And keep young Love with us alway.

Or when the halls are glitt'ring
With feasts and maidens fairy,
I'll clasp thee to my bosom
My love so blithe and airy.
And we shall dance to harpists' tune
Thro' all the golden summer-noon.

I come, O youthful lover
To yonder gray old tower;
Where we shall hold high revels
Until the midnight hour.
And I thy princess fair shall be
If thou wilt be the knight to me.

But when they reached the hillside,
Where stood the tower gigantic?
And where the halls all glitt'ring,
And where the bower romantic?
Alas, for youth and maiden fair!
Blind Love had built them in the air.

So Love, thou vain deceiver,
Dost fill us with bright dreams;
Thou paint'st the future golden,
But ah! It only seems.
Yet Constancy, a virtue too,
Oft makes the dreams come fondly true.

IMMORTAL LOVE AND PSYCHE.

KISS her cheek, while yet 't is warm
With health—a charming power!
Death will fan away that charm
In one brief solemn hour.

Meet her eyes while they are bright
With buoyant hopes and pleasures!
Death, the spend-thrift, maketh light
Of those her pearly treasures.

Love her heart while it doth beat
With womanly devotion.
Death comes onward stern and fleet
To end its pleasant motion.

Take these, Death, thou call'st them thine!
Still love has life undying;
Love lives by her soul divine
Beyond thine arrows flying.

Ah, in vain thine ev'ry art
From Psyche Love to sever.
Psyche fears no mortal dart,
And Love shall live forever!

TO STELLA.

BE thy life a path of flowers;
Sip new pleasures from each day!
Health and comfort gild thine hours,
As the years pursue their way!

Thou fair child of happiness,
Let care ply her own wild oars;
Thou art made to love and bless,
Thou art born for happier shores.

SAPPHO ON THE LEUCADIAN ROCK.

Sappho was a Greek poetess, who lived about 450 B. C. Because she was rejected by Phaon, whom she loved, she is said to have hurled herself from the Leucadian rock, into the sea.

O'ER western sky has twilight sped
And Heaven's tears tell day is fled.
The toiling sea alone is waking,
The world about its rest is taking.

There, on the rock, all sad, alone,
Sweet Sappho doth her fate bemoan;
Her tresses with the winds are playing,
While she unto herself is saying:

I shall not stay! This life full-blown
With lust and and pride, let harlots own!
I seek the sphere, where Psyche lonely
Might find pure love and pure love only.

I dare not bid my passion rise,
For woman seldom is so wise
To hold fair virtue in her courses,
When love to Lust doth lend his forces.

Hence Phaon, let me kill my Love,
Lest me to shameful wrong it move.
Here, ere the waves my form shall cover,
I dream once more of thee, my lover,

Thus spake the nymph, then death embraced,
The mad waves wildly onward chased
With roaring noise and wailing clam'rous,
As if, of her, they had grown am'rous.

Lo! Soft the breeze did touch the strings!
Her harp gave forth sad murmurings.
Then silence o'er the scene descended,
Where Sappho's life and love had ended.

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE and Love are linked together
And if Love you take away,
Like the plant in fev'rish weather,
Life will sicken and decay.

But in union linked remaining
As our vines to oaks do cling,
Such is Nature's wise ordaining,
Richest produce forth they bring.

WHERE THY HEART, THERE THY TREASURE.

FAIRY maid, what treasures fine
Lie enclosed in that rich mine,—
Snowy, lovely breast of thine!

I shall steal the richest part—
Thy young, noble, virtuous heart;
Where thy heart is, there thou art.

THE ARAB'S SERENADE.

FAIR Fateing, watchest nightly,
Love-lit eyes, that gleam so brightly!
Blest of Nature, who as dow'ry
Gave thee cheeks, like lily fair,
Breath as sweet as Ceylon's air,
Witching form and raven hair,
Happy Moslem houri!

Will thou be, O Islam's flower,
Sharer of my wealth and power,
I shall give thee rarest treasures:
Silks and furs from Hindoostan,
Fruits from towered Ispahan,
All that lover's ardor can
For his loved one's pleasures.

Thou shalt dwell by rocky fastness,
While I scour the sandy vastness,
On my charger, much caressed,
Harassing the caravan.
Ah, with pride the scene I scan!
King am I, o'er beast and man,
Allah, I am blessed!

Though there blow not Syria's roses,
Where our rock-built home reposes,
Yet thy smile shall make it flow'ry.
For the Heav'n of old Mahound
Can not be a fairer ground,
Than the spot where thou art found
Houri, Moslem houri!

TO A NURSE IN ALLEGHENY GENERAL HOSPITAL.

ART thou some fairy come
Fresh from thy ferny home,
With magic art to heal
The pains which mortals feel?
Truly thy light step and voice
Make the stricken ward rejoice.

The patient on his bed,
With welcome, hears thy tread;
For some kind heart must beat,
To steps of willing feet.
Fair one, who can understand
The magic of thy soft hand?

Ah, I have felt it, when
  In fever's dreaded den,
It felt my helpless arm
  To learn what spite or harm
Sickness there had slowly wrought,
Who in poor me a victim sought.

But thy kind care and skill,
  Made me triumphant still:
Some knight in tournament,
  Whose lady's smile hath lent
Double strength 'gainst foeman's steel,
—Thus, kind angel, did I feel.

And though the fever's heat
  Hath left its wonted seat,
Yet if my throbbing pulse
  Thy willing hand consults,
Bending o'er me—face above,
Thou shalt find me sick with love.

THE IRON GATE.

WHEN I see yon iron gate
I think again of Kate;
Ah! Winsome, lovely, pretty,
Was she, my angel Kitty.
When I see yon iron gate,
I think again of Kate.

For 'twas here when day grew late,
My darling used to wait;
While on her bosom snowy
The roses were so showy.
And 'twas here when day grew late,
My darling used to wait.

O, here often did we meet
To hold our parley sweet.
While gentle stars of even
Were courting in the Heaven.
O, here often did we meet
To hold our parley sweet.

Now my heart is filled with gloom;
Kate sleepeth in her tomb;
Where lilies blow above her,
She waiteth for her lover.
Still my heart is filled with gloom;
Kate sleepeth in her tomb.

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

WHY this breaking in the East?
Hold the gods some merry feast?

'Tis Aurora, blushing red,
Hasting on with nimble tread.

Wanton Phoebus love—oppressed,
Seeks to draw her to his breast.

Skilled with kisses to allure,
Makes of her his paramour.

Hear rejoicings on the earth,
From their union Day has birth.

TO EMMA AND HER VIOLIN.

WHAT is the wooden wooer saying,
So gently praying, sighing, praying,
Like to lover's vague unrest?

O dulcet ,mellow, violin,
Thou liest kissed by her soft chin,
On her meek, her maiden breast.

O tell her to keep on a-playing,
That youthful hours are best for Maying,
Youth and love make happy Spring.

Still violin, I envy thee;
If thy soft couch were such to me,
Truly then, I too would sing.

LOVE AND OCEAN.

MAIDEN, maiden take my love,
And love the cheerful giver;
Never failing is Love's stream,
But constant as the river.

Findeth not the wanted rest,
Till it doth reach that ocean—
Thy fair breast with purity,
Begemmed and deep devotion.

A BOLD BEGGAR.

O HEART, what knocking at thy door!
I hear an infant's clamor,
Haste, open thou, and shelter give;
I think 'tis little Amor.

Scarce ope the door when in he came,
With vehement desire.
I gave a corner of my heart,
Lo! He did start *a fire*.

CYNTHIA'S CONSTANCY.

FAIR Cynthia, watchful nurse of night,
In silver robes a queen bedight,
Thou playest with each favorite star,
While Heaven's dome is lit afar.

And Phoebus from Eöus hears
Thy beauty praised; then boldly steers
Thy bower toward; thou vail'st thy face,
And dost escape his warm embrace.

So thou art faithful to the night,
Thou holdest Phoebus from thy sight,
And guard'st thy stars so motherly,
Fit emblem, then, of constancy.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

O WOULD I were a rose!
That I might then repose,
On thy breast recline,
Maiden Evaline!

That I might hear the sighs
That from thy bosom rise—
Snowy breast of thine,
Witching Evaline!

Or would I were the air!
That I might oft repair
To those cheeks of thine,
Rosy Evaline!

Or would I were the mead!
That I might feel the tread
Of those feet so fine,
Graceful Evaline!

Or would I were the lace
Which doth thy neck embrace,—
Ivory neck of thine,
Blue-eyed Evaline!

Then, if I were thy tomb,
I'd make the lilies bloom,
O'er that grave of thine,
Virgin Evaline.

SONG OF THE ROVER.

'TWAS by the murmuring brooklet,
That I did Emma meet,
And she had hastened thither,
To bathe her snow-white feet.

Softly sang the maples, blue-bells whispered low,
When Emma, peerless Emma, to the brook did go.

She was lovely as a fairy,
As timid as the fawn;
The sweetest, gentlest maiden,
The sun e'er shone upon.
Round her graceful neck did flow her browny tresses,
While zephyrs kissed her cheek with passionate caresses.

'Twas here I spoke to Emma,
Thro' one sweet ev'ning hour,
Until the moon, sweet mistress,
Sat in her starry bower.
At last I took her with me. Emma fair and sweet,
When she had bathed her tender, dainty, snow-white feet.

TO E. M. B.

TELL me not of wood-land faries,
Whose fresh beauty never varies,
In their sylvan haunts all shady!
I know one, who fairer still,
Doth my breast with longing fill,
And my heart with rapture thrill—
Emma, my sweet lady!

Ah, fond love, I hear thee sighing,
In my moments fleet and trying,
When o'er field, thro' wood I'm straying,
And thy lovely form doth rise,
Unto mine exultant eyes,
Like a soul from Paradise,
Or an angel praying.

Thy sweet voice, it still is singing,
In my soul its echoes ringing,
As of yore in wintry season;
Ah, 'twas then while winds did blow,
And without lay drifting snow,
That my heart, with love did glow,
Wilt thou know the reason?

Thy sweet blushes, fondest fairy,
Smiles angelic, like St. Mary,
In my breast did love enkindle.
Thy mild eyes are calm and blue,
Maiden's heart is young and true.
And, my love, I swear anew,
Emma shall not dwindle!

So, meek dove, we'll live together,
Foul or fair may be the weather,
Thou shalt be my wealth, my gem. Ah,
Loved one with the light brown hair,
To thine arms let me repair,
For I find my Heaven there,
Darling, my own Emma!

MY FLOWER.

I SOUGHT a flower from the bower
Where Rose stood dreamy-eyed.
Then fell a-weeping, o'er the creeping
Ivy; thus I sighed:

Could she discover, how I love her,
O may some fairy tell,
In mists of sorrows, thro' all morrows,
Joyous I would dwell.

And there is rapture in the capture
Of maiden's sinless heart;
Of bright eyes beaming, softly dreaming,
Loved one will not part.

Fair Rose's tresses by caresses
Of gentle winds were wooed;
Round her chastened form there hastened
Twilight solitude.

Her lips, so rosy, held a posy;
She seemed some woodland fay.
Down dropped the flower from her power.
Lo! I heard her say:

Thou seek'st a flower from my bower;
Well, youth, pray name it me!
Wilt thou a lily for thy stilly
Chamber's guest to be?

No flower rarer and none fairer
Than thou thyself, sweet maid!
Where thou art planted are enchanted
Realms of pleasure laid.

Lo! Bosom swelling, to my dwelling,
In yon meek vale's repose,
I bore that flower; to this hour
Lovely blooms my Rose.

MANY SINS ARE FORGIVEN HER, FOR SHE HAS LOVED MUCH.

CAMILLE.

THIS is her grave; thou prudish world,
Veil not thine eyes and shun the sight!
What though to wanton ranks she hurled
Her beauty, and made bright the night?

Perfection never yet did crown
The actions of a single wight.
The rose is hardly yet half-blown
When insects eat with venom-bite.

And Nature never meant we should
Stand faultless to her searching eye;
An evil oft may bring a good,
Repentance causes joy on high.

So plant white lilies o'er her dust,
And let her sleep the virgin's sleep!
What though she smiled on fickle Lust,
Dost know how often she did weep?

Tread softly by her silent frame,
Once animated by a touch!
She was of clay, thou art the same,
But critic, hast thou loved as much?

TO EMMA ON HER NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY, NOV. 5th, 1899.

ETHERIAL music wake the pallid sky,
And mirthful let the fleeting moments fly!
For Emma stands to-day, a peerless queen
Of comely, fair nineteen.

Old mother Earth can boast of none more fair
Than thee, sweet love, and excellency rare;
Nor maid nor sylvan fairy can be seen
More fair at sweet nineteen!

Time planted thee, my blessed, winsome flower,
And made the sweeter ev'ry little hour;
So thou art matchless, Love to-day, I ween
At happy, gay nineteen!

O hear the call of dreary, chill November!
How stands the blood in ev'ry single member!
Yet near Love's hearth-stone thou dost friendly lean
At gladsome, full nineteen!

Hence let the winds sweep by! Thy love-
warmed heart
Is still most warm and modest; maid thou
art
As constant as the changeless evergreen
At rosy, sweet nineteen.

Though luckless now the rosy fingered
Spring,
To thee doth not her scented garlands bring
To deck thy lovely maiden brow serene,
At ever-loved nineteen!

Yet Autumn blesses thee with hyssop rain;
November smiles and counts it as a gain
O'er other months, that thy fair natal day
Comes neath his rigid sway.

And matchless Emma at thy happy birth
The stars looked envious at their sister
Earth.
So let thy poet-lover hold him blest,
When on thy virgin-breast,

His chestnut-browny locks shall softly lie;
There will he dream his dreams of earth and
sky;

And think it Heav'n to own each single part
Of Emma's pure chaste heart.

And love, live long! Thy life be full of blisses!
And let me have to-day my share of kisses,
Their number? Well pray count me not so mean
If I should ask *nineteen*.

TO A FLIRT.

LITTLE blue-eyed Elsie,
Oh, I love you so,
Teach me little maiden,
All your heart to know!

Let me gaze upon it;
'Tis a book, I swear!
Let me see if Amor
Wrote some story there.

Has he woven, darling,
Your sweet name and mine

In some tale romantic?
How the letters shine!

Ah! I see you will not
Let me read Love's tale;
So I'll play Love's critic,
Call the story *stale!*

YOUTH AND MAID.

Youth. SWEET MAID, whither go'st thou?

Maid. But to the brow
O' yonder hill.

Youth. There,
Where the hut stands? Fair
Flower, may I walk with thee?

Maid. The night comes hastily.
The way is steep, good youth,
My hut is poor; in truth—

Youth. Ah! Here the trees are tall!
How calm the evening! All
Nature rests. Could not Love dwell here

Where Sorrow sheds no tear?
Hold! Give me thy basket, maid!
Where hast thou laid
Thy burden?

Maid. Fair youth, thou canst not bear it.

Youth. Young Love with me shall share it.

Matd. Well, then, if it be thy will.

Youth. Now let us up this hill.

(*Enter Amor.*)

Maid. What infant have I spied?
Who is it at thy side
Borne on golden wings?
See how he clings
To the burden!

Youth. This child
Is Love, or Cupid styled.
Oft hath he on flowered heights,
Where gods partake of strange delights,
Pierced the heart of Jove.

Maid. Youth, beware! This Love
Has bow and dart!
Too late! He hath hit my heart!

Youth. Sweet maid, we both are prisoners now,
Beneath Love's yoke, obedient bow.
And though Love's captives both are we,
O 'tis a sweet captivity!

DARING DAN CUPID.

I ONCE besieged a maiden's heart
With sighs full oft repeated;
But all my efforts were in vain,
So I in shame retreated.

I gazed upon mine armies fine
Of arts and words. O pity!
For not a single one prevailed
To take that stubborn city.

At last I met a straying boy,
Who seemed to me so stupid;
Bright wings had he, and bow and dart,
His name was young Dan Cupid,

"What wilt thou give" said he to me,
"If I should take its towers?
My wings can place me on its walls,
In less than two short hours."

"If thou can'st make" I smiling said,
"That maiden's heart surrender;
I'll let thee live with us alway,
And treat thee good and tender."

Lo! Love flew o'er its battlements,
Nor did he sink nor tire,
Till he had stormed that maiden's heart,
And set it all on fire.

It yielded soon itself to me
With all its pearls and treasures.
And I am now its happy king
And live in golden pleasures.

So here I sing: Long live this Love,
Whom I had thought so stupid!
Long live that heart which I did get
Thro' daring young Dan Cupid!

THE HAUNTED LOVER.

AS actor Day departs and Night her curtain raises,
When all the quiet city with million arc-lights blazes,
Then softer than the zephyr a figure glides before me,
Her shroud of midnight blackness, a lonely fear throws o'er me.
I can but murmur faintly—fright doth make me shiver,
Why com'st thou spirit? Whither go'st thou, whither?
My echo dies away; her faint lips seem to quiver:
Love, love, love! Love has brought me hither!

Lo! Midnight hails the morn in yonder gothic tower,
But still that gorgeous phantom holds me in her power.
Away, away! I whisper. Her breast of ether hollow
Breathes forth sepulchral wailing and bids me softly follow.

She leads me thro' the streets; she hath my soul enchanted;
Again I ask: O whither lead'st me, whither?
She answers soft: To yonder where the dead are planted,
Love, love, love! Love has borne me thither!

She leads me to a grave; green myrtle twines above it,
"A tiny wooden cross! A blessed name! I love it!
Amanda! Fickle heart we long ago had buried;
O bride of Death to his embrace so quickly hurried!"
One plaintive sigh! and lo! The spectre has departed!
To spirit-land? To hell or heaven? Whither?
"We know not that,"—the winds and hemlocks moaned sad-hearted
"But love, love, love has brought her hither!"

AMOR AND THE POET.

CRITICS scoff not at these verses!
Th' amorous Muse to me did lend them.
They are meant for maiden bowers;
Thither straightway would I send them.

Need I fear a critic's phrases
While young Amor 'round me hovers?
Let me sing sweet maiden's praises;
Poets ever were best lovers.

PART II.

PENSATORIA.

THE POET'S JOYS.

BY the Muse's fountain dwelling,
With perpetual nectar swelling,
Fancy, take thy lawful fill!
Taste each classic pool and rill
Of the gods' own land of pleasures;
Art's fair homestead, land of treasures!
Give dame Muse a consort's kiss!
Fear not Fancy thou to borrow;
Here to-day and there to-morrow,
O the poet's life is bliss!

Winding down with artful Venus
With sweet Music staid between us
All the world is one fair dream:
Golden landscape, silver stream,
Mirth and laughter then may follow,
Then come stately, wise Apollo.
O ye gods, what land is this?
Even echo solitary
Wantons with the satyr hairy,
O the poet's life is bliss!

Then let Mars, his trumpet sounding,
Set the hills and vales rebounding!
See the valiant ranks pass by

Clad in dazzling Panoply;
While old Fame comes onward grandly
Smiling on the victor blandly
Who would all this splendor miss?
Seated with the great immortals,
Entered at Olympian portals,
Poet, true, thy life is bliss.

MYSTERIOUS ECHO.

ECHO, plaintive Echo quit thy lonely cave!
Seek my merry bower, dance the rippling wave!
Why so sullen dwell'st in yon deserted glen?
Why so constant would'st thou shun the haunts of men?

Dost thou mourn, sweet spirit, some dead buried love?
Why so lonely keep'st thee in yon wood above?
Prithee, answer give, for I would mortals tell,
Why in solitude thou wilt forever dwell.

Dost not answer me? Then fare thee well sweet fay!

Lonesome keep thee ever! Mock we not I pray!
Hold thy peace, be still! Lo! From the wooded hill
Echo answers gently: Hold thy peace be still!

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

SEE yonder gleaming marbles
By sleepy river's bed;
And mountains guarding meekly
That City of the Dead!

Nor life nor cares are dwellers
In yonder gray old town,
For Death has thrown upon it
His talismanic gown.

Friend wouldst thou quit thy labors,
And all thy cares and woes,
And wrap thine earthly sorrows
In that still land's repose?

First must thy heart stand silent,
Refuse life-giving breath,
First must thou grasp in friendship,
The gruff, cold hand of Death.

Then 'neath yon fading arches,
We'll bear thee to thy tomb,
And think thy soul is happy
Where flowers perennial bloom.

And then with tears and prayers
We'll lay thee gently down,
And leave thee soft to slumber
In yonder silent town.

But, when the Angel's trumpet
Shall wake thee in thy bed,
May'st thou forsake, in glory,
That City of the Dead.

METAMORPHOSIS OF THE SNOW-FLAKE.

BORN in Heaven! Innocence!
Cruel Winter drives thee thence;
Snow-flake, Snow-flake earthward falling,
Hear'st thou not bright spirits calling?

See'st the sun in yonder sky?
Now he bids thee sad good-bye.
Then thou weepest, Heaven's daughter,
Till thou art all tears, all water.

THE RULE OF LIFE.

IF thou hast thy task to do,
Do it with a will;
If the water runneth not,
Stands the mill-wheel still.

Sing the song with heart and soul,
Thro' the live-long day;
Let thy life be here on earth,
One continuous lay.

Then astonished, thou shalt find
All thy cares disarmed,
And like Orpheus see the world
All about thee charmed.

CONSOLATION.

SWEET goddess, who with heav'nly art
Dost balsam pour upon the heart
With sorrow laden, nurse divine,
Now let me seek that lap of thine!
And drink new courage from thy breast
My soul is sad; I fain would rest.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRESH'NING heaven-sent dew-drop
Sparkling on the blade;
Cheered by thy light footstep
Fields are happier made.
Helpful, soothing Friendship
On life's lonely plain
Makest drooping bosoms
Soon revive again!

THROUGH THE MISTS.

LET me stir the ashes of the Past,
Stir them just once more,
Ere Time's night-shades, falling fast
Dim the land of yore.
Come, bright thought that shall inflame
My drooping heart anew!
Ah! I have it—Emma's name!
I sit and dream of you.

Fair, sweet spirit of my childhood days,
Ah, I see her yet!
Snow-white mantle, smile whose rays

I cannot soon forget;
Happy playmate, come I pray
To flow'ry meads and brooks;
Come and cheer my dreary day
With your bright sunny looks!

No, it cannot be. You are not here,
For when your years were eight,
Your sweet spirit left this sphere
For Heaven's far-off gate;
Left her mould so sweet and good
Without a pain or sigh.
And if angels only could
Thy death would angels die.

When I quit this troubled realm of life
And strike your happy shore,
Sin-free, cleansed, for blessings rife
O greet me as of yore!
Snow-white mantle, smile whose ray
Will teach me not to fret—
God, I thank thee! Some bright day
I shall be happy yet.

ADDRESS TO PEACE.

O PEACE, sweet guardian of the world
Who with thy snowy flag unfurled
From heavenly heights descendest
Erring man thine aid thou lendest;
Lovely queen, serene, benign,
Full of wisdom, all divine,
Keep the erring nations.
Free from desolations!
Round thy throne they gathered are.
Keep from them the demon—War.

ON BISMARK'S DEATH.

THOU fallest, mighty oak: thy giant form
Oft braved and long by opposition's storm,
At Death's unerring touch doth gently yield.
Farewell, great Teuton, born with strength to wield
Old Prussia's iron hammer, and to shape
Germania fair anew; where sweet the grape
Doth mirror in the Rhinish water till
Where roaring North Sea doth his fury spill
Against the Danish shore, there hath thy hand

Untiring wrought and left an empire stand.
Nor less thy praise that straying, fair Lorraine
And mild Alsatia back to Allemaine
Hast boldly called. So may the German oak
O'er thy cold corse extend his liberal cloak
Of leaves; thine be no tomb from civil pelf!
Thy monument—The *German Empire's self.*

LAMENT FOR THE SUMMER.

SWEETEST Summer, thou art gone!
Thy breath the ruthless north wind stole;
No sigh rose from thy fleeing soul
But one sweet smile did rest upon
Thy faded lips!

Calm thy death, though thou didst know
That floral fields, which thou mad'st bloom
Would shed no odors o'er thy tomb,
(For Autumn tells of coming woe
And hoar-frost nips.)

Sweeter thou than Spring, for lo!
She flirteth in coquettish way,
Nor brings, in truth, a perfect day;
For much of Winter's blood doth flow
Her Virgin-veins.

But in thee dwells gentleness;
And valued service thou dost give:
Thou op'st thy granary; nations live;
Nor reckest if they fail to bless
Thy many pains.

Kindest daughter of the year!
And mankind's liberal nurse and friend!
With death thy charities do end;
Hast scarce fulfilled thy mission here,
When thou must die!

Summer let me learn of thee
In life to scatter gen'rous deeds,
In death glad smiles; no earthly meeds
To seek; then pass with conscience free
Without a sigh.

DEATH OF SUMMER.

ALREADY doth the day his visits shorten,
Who erstwhile did such mirth display, when June
Yet stood in loveliness and yonder sun
Less warmly breathes upon our earth; for lo!
Sad Nature's voice doth herald Summer's death.

The fields stand stricken by the news which fast
O'er hill and dale is borne; the mighty wood
Once cheerful, singeth now more plaintive, lo!
The sylvan choir has ceased its Summer-concert,
In other climes to feast; the burdened orchards
Now change their robes and fruits stunned by the news
Fall from the drowsy tree, and Heaven's self
Doth weep unusual tears, for see, the leaden
Sky will not ask comfort of the Sun,
But pours his grief upon the maddened brooks,
Which rushing wildly on, past brush and vale,
Bear injury with them. See, yonder swain
Wipes from his brow the salty sweat, the while
With sadness he doth view the drooping fields.
The sportive child there at his side doth catch
The universal sorrow and puts on

A graver mien. The mother with her child
Now homeward turns and scans the cordial
house,
In which too soon cold Winter shall detain
Her prisoner; the maiden, that with fairy
Tread did walk the grassy lawn and nurse
Her darling flowers, flits sadly by, as if
Young Love thrived not in Winter's arms.
A shock
Of sadness shakes the frame of sentient things!
O thus is Summer mourned! Thus too, O
man,
Shalt thou be mourned, if, in thy day, thou
makest
Righteousness bring forth her welcome fruit!
Thus too shalt thou be wept! And drooping
friends
Shall gather round thy tomb and tearful say:
He was a man of ready hand; his days
With charities he filled; now calm and blissful
Be his sleep!

CORS POETAE.

O POET'S heart! O poet's heart!
By cruel cares tormented art!
And tossed about in wicked fashion
Upon the hungry sea of passion.

O poet's heart! Thou poet's heart,
Full oft dost feel the burning smart
Of injured pride and love's rejection,
In sober moments of reflection.

Thou poet's heart, thou poet's heart
Meek vessel thou and ample mart;
To what glad land dost steer thy treasures,
Thy native joys and dreamed pleasures?

Thou poet's heart, thou poet's heart,
Thou drifting vessel, onward dart!
And when life's storms have sunk thee under;
When thou art gone, the world will wonder.

TO THE MEMORY OF W. E. GLADSTONE.

LO! Death has from our ranks a leader stolen;
Whose voice spake peace and praised the course ot justice.
Where antique England sits securely guarded
By gallant ocean's waves, one universal
Cry is heard: Wise Gladstone fell! Fell not
By cursed assassin's steel, but by the hand
Of watchful death. Thou mighty sun, whose setting
Was as thy course of life--serene and bright.
And meek Hawarden mourns thee now. O voice
All potent as the wind, which hastens on
And bears th' unwilling branches onward. Whether
In Parliament, loud, free and joyous sangst
The note of justice or in the household circle
Soothing—helpful—thou wast welcome! England,
Made rich by his bequeathing—honesty
And righteousness of heart, go set the nations
Thy fair sisters, meet example!

EVENING SENTIMENT.

O'ER the woodland,
O'er the fields
Ev'ning fair and gentle
Sceptre wields;
And the brooklets seem to say:
Fare thee well, O dying Day!

On the village
On the roofs,
Sun so softly sets his
Golden hoofs:
Slowly then he sinks to rest
In the curtain-gilded West.

Yet the birds sing
Ev'ning hymns;
Flatt'ring zephyrs kissing
Trembling limbs.
Still is then the atmosphere;
In the sky the lights appear.

Yet my soul doth
Musing wake.
Quiet lies o'er
Valley, hill and lake.
Come, my soul, lie down to dreams
While life still so happy seems.

BRYANT.

WHAT spirit stirs among the mountain-groves,
And turns to alchemy whate'er it moves?
Now hov'ring by the flowry streamlet's side,
Now lost upon the prairie deep and wide;
Or blessing in the forest grand and old
The Maker's wisdom—powers manifold?
It is thy spirit, Bryant! Thy great soul,
With poesy o'er charged could not control
'Mid city's din, her fury; hence she flees
To wilds sublime, where giant hills and trees
And roaring waters enter in thy dreams.
O mighty bard! How sounding are the streams
In that rich land of thine! In thee we hail
First favorite of the native Muse; the trail
To Poesy's fair land thou struckest first
Of all our home-born bards; how brightly burn'st
The light of thy full genius on the throng,
As with grandeur, fatherly along
The ever-pleasant fields of Nature thou
Did'st lead; on thee sat Homer's fertile brow!

The bearded sage of antique Dane looked not
More powerful. Now though old Death, who, caught
By thy rich strains, such master sought to win,
Did tear thee from thy harp; yet still, within
Our circle doth thy spirit live and bound
With awe, we know not how thy praise to sound.

IF INWARD THE HEART BE BRIGHT.

THE wild winds howl,
The snow-drifts scowl,
Like ghosts in the darksome night!
The white church-tower
Tells midnight hour,
And demons are loose to fright.

Now loud the moan
Of North Wind's groan,
As if of a dying wight;
My window shakes,
Thick fall the flakes,
But inward the hearth burns bright.

Thus cry life's cares,
And wild despairs,
As 'round us the fall with might,
But heed them not
O happy lot—
If inward the *heart* be light.

LEGEND OF THE MARIGOLD.

AT the tomb there sat the Virgin
From her eyes the tears did start,
And sad did sound the sobbing
From the depths of her pure heart.

And her tears fell like the dew-drops
On the plants and flowers nigh;
Which straightway bowed respectful,
When they heard our Lady sigh.

Now a tear fell on a thistle
From the Blessed Mary's eye,
Lo! It soon began to wither
Till it seemed as if 'twould die.

And it said unto the Virgin,
In these meek words and brief:
May I not O gentle Lady,
Be partaker in thy grief?

See the wonder! From the Heaven
A glitt'ring angel sped;
And he touched the drooping thistle,
And then these words he said:

Since thou would'st be partaker
In the Virgin's grief untold,
Be thou hence, O kindly Thistle,
Be thou hence the *Marigold!*

Now in all our flower-gardens,
Its golden head appears;
Still it greets the dews of morning,
As the Virgin Mary's tears.

REVERIE IN A WOOD.

HESPER'S shadows fall
O'er the plains and all
The household cares are quiet now;
I hear the watch-dog bark,
While shadows weird and dark
Do drive the sweat upon my brow.

Soft these oaks narrate
Legends of the fate
Of red-skinned warriors of the wood:
How they did seek the shade,
Ere yet within the glade
The haughty pale-face cottage stood.

Warrior sought his bride,
—Chieftain's light and pride—
And built for her the wigwam free.
How loud the war-whoop rang!
How bold the warrior sprang,
When foemen threatened slavery!

Gone the mighty race!
Left no ling'ring trace,
Save where the mossy mound stands high;
Or where the hunter's trail
Still tells old freedoms tale;
O God rain vengeance from the skies!

OLD PENNSY.

HAIL, mighty state, the keystone State!
Hail, ancient nurse of Freedom's fate!
For in the day of tyranny,
Thy sister states looked up to thee,
Old Pennsy!

'Neath thy protection firm and true
Sweet Liberty to beauty grew;
And Independence, with full throat
In thy glad ear first rang his note,
Old Pennsy!

The Union's cause was thy first ward;
Thy willing sons its body-guard.
How well they kept that trust for thee,
Thy storied past shall witness be,
Old Pennsy!

For when rebellion's thunder-clap
Cast Lee's brave legions on thy lap,
How glad thy sons embraced the fray,
The gleaming tomb-stones tell to-day,
Old Pennsy.

Near Gettysburg, there lies a town,
Where flowers weave the hero's crown;
Here kind Remembrance thro' the years
Shall strew the nation's saddest tears,
Old Pennsy!

Nor this alone, that vale and wood
Are hallowed by our fathers' blood—
Thy mountain-chests have costly yields
And Nature loves to feed thy fields,
Old Pennsy!

Where Industry hath built her nest,
From coal-banked East to steel-clad West,
The feet of Labor march along
And Progress shouts her welcome song,
Old Pennsy!

Throughout this globe, by land and sea,
Are thousand fabrics born of thee;
These are thy pride, thy mighty boast;
Hence let the world give thee the toast,
Old Pennsy!

And should, same day, the monarch Fate,
Pluck down the flag from Freedom's gate,
Of all the stars it wears to-day,
Be thine the last to fade away,
Old Pennsy!

DEATH OF GOETHE.

MORE light! More light! That restless spirit cried,
As clouds of death drew round him dark and wide.
Now, mighty Goethe, sinks thine ardent fire,
As Death bears off the last note of thy lyre.
The bonds of nature loosed, thou seek'st the vast unknown,
Where even poet's Fancy dreads to walk alone.
Now closed life's book and earthly wisdom, thou,
A shadow art to Goethe's wisdom now.
More light! O soul of his, drink now thy fill!
Infinity remains unfathomed still.
O soul of man! O wondrous spirit! Death the sage,
Will ope eternity, teach Wisdom's grandest page.

WANDERER'S PRAYER.

DARKNESS fast is shrouding
Yonder twilight-sky;
All the world is sleeping,
Sad alone am I.

Here are hemlocks sighing,
In the grave-yard old;
While I too, am dreary,
Shiv'ring in the cold.

Hail, bright star, so lonely,
In the distant West,
Lead me on, I pray thee,
To eternal rest!

Lo! The bright star falleth!
—Wand'rer's soul has fled!-
There a corpse he lieth,
Sleeping with the dead!

SPIRIT OF THE MINNESINGERS.

GONE are all the minnesingers!
Deep in their graves they lie;
Hushed their voices and the fingers
That once woke melody
In love-fed Europe's bowers,
Can swell no more the lyre
Or raise hot passion's fire
In grey old castle towers.

Thro' the by-gone Middle Ages
Did their sweet music chime;
As we look upon their pages,
We think of that fair time
When Love was ruler ever
In yonder transatlantic
Europe's bowers romantic,
By some enchanted river.

But, though the Minnesingers
Forgotten are and dead,
Yet their spirit unseen lingers
Where Beauty 's born and bred.
And when we sing soft praises
To maidens' charms and powers,
Or seek to make them ours
Love's voice that *spirit raises*.

NAPOLEON ON THE BELLEROPHON.

ALL about the white sea roars
And day is fading fast;
Far away from Gallia's shores
And struggling 'gainst the blast
Sails the Bellerophon.
Like an eagle with his prey
She bears away
Napoleon.

Farewell, Napoleon Bonaparte!
Farewell, O Gallia's warlike heart!
Farewell, O genius sprung
From Corsica's sun-kissed shore!
The cannon's song, so often sung
Thou hence shalt hear no more!
For Albion's ire
Shall spend its fire

On thy unconquered will
Till soon thou lay
Far, far away
At the foot of some wooded hill.

Then, bear him gently, murmuring wave
O'er the wild sea, blue and deep;
Bear him kindly to his grave
There peaceful may he sleep!
And o'er his tomb,
Soft 'mid the gloom
May Helena's sighing trees
Sing to him his victories.

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGHANY.

PROUD old river, thou that chantest
Songs so gay and free,
To thy woodland and thy valleys,
Many a century;

Often hast thou heard the war-whoop,
Ring upon thy shore,
Where now strong the pale-face dwelleth
And grim Vulcan's forges roar.

Coming from thy sylvan birth-place—
From the distant North,
Thou dost hear the lonely night-owl
Give her sorrows forth.

Thou art queen of gentle rivers!
And the pines stoop low,
When they hear thy royal footstep,
And thy garments flow.

Often, native graceful river,
Have I gave gazed on thee;
As thou threw'st thy curly wavelets
'Round thee am'rously.

So flow on, mild Alleghany,
With soft, romantic rhyme!
Wander long thro' wooded landscape,
Heed not draughts of time!

VENICE.

VENICE! Venice! Lovely sea-nymph, mermaid fair and bright,
Queenly seemest thou beneath the starry roof of night!
Often doth to thee the sea his am'rous tale repeat,

Falling down adoringly to kiss thy chastened
feet.
While the moon, in silver clad, thy watery
streets doth wade,
Casts her jealous eye on thee and many a
lovely maid.
Hark! How soft the breezes bear unto my
willing ears,
Laughter of thy black-eyed daughters, songs
of gondoliers.
Quaint old city, thou and haunt of poet's fair-
est dreams,
How my heart beats gayly when thy vision on
me streams!
Let me praise thee long as doth the wanton
love-sick sea:
Be thou mother to my dreams, fair daughter
of Italy!

JEHOVAH'S MIGHT.

I WILL not brave Thy wise commands
O mighty Elohim, who hold'st our globe,
Aglow with life, within Thy hands.
Thou, great Jehovah, dost the seasons robe
With varied splendor and Thy power
Shines thro' the working of each hour.

The million planets praise Thee, Lord,
Which in the boundless firmament rehearse
Their daily actions in concord.
O vast, stupendous, giant Universe!
Great off-spring of the Maker's will,
Which liveth unexhausted still.

And helpless man, lost 'mid the mass
Of countless things created, thy weak force
Of what avail, if He, alas!
Should strike the rolling planets from their course
And rain their wrath on thee? Hence bow
With starry wonders to His brow!

TALE OF THE WIND.

FAR out in the sea, where the breakers do meet,
Their tales of destruction so boldly repeat;
Where lonely the stars look down from the sky
And murmuring sadly the South-winds pass by;
There sheeted and shrouded and dancing so lightly,
Wild spirits appear and they revel there nightly.
And all in the dancing and revelry join—
The ghosts of the dead of the fated *Bourgogne*.

There far, far away at the hours of night,
Revengeful and tearful they curse the sea's might—
Fair maidens, meek matrons, gay sailors and men

Whose bodies lie now in the deep's horrid
den.
Now moan they aloud, recalling with sorrow
The turbulent scene of that fatal morrow,
When creakingly, slowly the vessel sank low
In the slime of the sea, where dread monsters
grow.

But lo! When the stars all fade in the dome,
And day wakes again in his far eastern home;
When loudly the sea-gulls murmur and shriek,
The breakers again conspiringly speak;
Then deep comes a wail from cavern-beds
hollow;
Up rises a billow! Lo! Others then follow!—
But led by a cherub or some gentle fay,
Those phantoms to spirit-land scamper away.

THE TYRANTS OF THE HEART.

LET me sing a land, whose worth
Greater is than that of earth;
In fair portions set apart—
All is named the human heart.
Passions are the land-lords fine;

Unto these doth life assign
Each and all an equal share,
Ah! Strong rulers govern there!

First is Love, the maiden sweet,
Fair of form with smiles replete;
Clad in vestment of the snow,
Flaxen tresses softly flow,
Kiss the blushes on her cheek,
Praised be Love! Her reign is meek.
And within her kingdom fair,
Grows no pain, nor woe, nor care;
But glad thoughts do blossom pure,
And with these doth Love allure;
They are nurtured by the streams—
Hope and dews of youthful dreams.
Oft doth music with her flute
To dame Love pay just tribute;
While in merry play and shout
Gay young Cupids dance about.
Soft idyllic as the May,
Love's fair realm has endless day;
Ah! No fairer realm is seen,
Than thine own, O heart's best Queen!

Next comes Pride, whose broad domain
Boasts best honors of the plain.
Builds his home of splendor all,
Woe to him if that should fall!
Oft he rides on summer-day,
Of his land makes vain survey;
Scorns young Labor, Care and Pain,
Pomp and power is all his gain.
Pride, a tyrant lord art thou,
Draw'st the sweat from Labor's brow

Weak-souled Avarice, friend of Pride,
Hath his kingdom by his side;
Mines rich-wombed in pearl and gold,
Yet he is most stern and cold.
Oft doth he a beggar-saint
Of his poortith make complaint.
And in spite of all his pelf,
This grim master starves himself.

Bold Ambition, too, doth reign;
Honors follow in his train.
At his chariot Justice bound,
Hears the mock-crowd's jeering sound;
But she walks without demur

For to grace her conqueror.
Rapine, Havoc loud proclaim
Praises for Ambition's name.
Ah! Rash tyrant! Thou shalt see
Nature never destined thee
For a life of honeyed ease,
Never sought thy will to please;
But with restless longing hurled
Break-neck speedest thro' the world,
Till thyself forsooth, art laid
In the ditch for others made.

Nor canEnvy, tortured soul,
O'er her longing hold control.
Bleak and barren are her lands,
Honors thrive not at her hands;
Now doth she to Love repair,
Notes the peace and pleasures there;
Or she sends the dwarfish spy—
Treacherous Hypocrisy;
Smooth of tongue and fair of eyes,
Speaketh though most serpent-wise.
Now she passeth unto Pride,
And her grimace scarce can hide,

When she sees the wealth and power
Of this ruler haughty—sour.
Tortured by an endless thirst;
Envy, Envy, thou art cursed!
And dull mistress, fie! Thy shame!
Slanderest fair maiden Fame.
Yet thou too shalt soon expire,
Murdered by thy very ire.

See yon plumed knight pass by,
Decked in all so pompously!
From his eye shines bold distrust,
He is named the raper—Lust.
O foul tyrant! Cursed be thou!
Whither go'st thou seeking now?
Stainer thou of chastity,
Half the world is owned by thee.
Not content with maiden's vows,
Flatterest thy would-be spouse;
But when passion has beed fed,
To thy dungeon she is led;
Where she can but stay and die,
Poisoned by thy damned lie.

Often too, dost Love decoy
And her maiden charms employ,
But to catch our sisters fair
And to rape them in thy lair.
Filthy Lust, thine ev'ry breath
Is the atmosphere of death.
When false passion set afire
By thine own unshamed desire,
Doth invade thy wretched frame,
All thy strength grows feebly tame.
Thou shalt be, though young—all cold
And foul and horrid to behold.
Thus thyself shalt punished be
For the crimes that spring from thee.

These the passions which abide
In the heart with more beside.
Yet think not the world is lost
Though it be thus passion-tossed.
God, the primal, boundless cause,
Has implanted His wise laws
Deep in Nature's sterling heart;
O creation's better part!
And t' obey them, man or woman,
Is to be but simply human.

But to quell the passions fine
  Is a mark of the Divine.
Keep thou then, by deep reflection,
  These strong rulers in subjection;
And of empires thou shalt call
  Heart's own empire—best of all.

GLORY IS MORTAL.

AURORA, open up thy golden gates,
  And bid me enter thy fair eastern realm!
Here sits thy wealth; O wondrous wealth with which
Old am'rous Jove hath decked thy wonted haunts,
  O blest Aurora!

See there, by Phoebus' graceful finger traced,
Sit gilded hills and slumber-drinking vales;
Broad plains, a-quaffing of the limpid dews
Which nymphs, like hyssop, strew before thy feet
  O fair Aurora!

And there the waking forests feel thy breath;
While willing birds begin their hymn to thee;
And man deserts his mistress—Sleep—for thy
Embrace; all nature greets thy joyous march
O great Aurora!

Yet goddess, all thy splendor is short-lived!
For soon the vast blue vault turns dark and stern,
Thy former home is plundered by rude storms,
Quick lightnings, thunders; thou art nowhere found—
How short is glory!

MORAL: Such is life.

RETROSPECT.

GLADSOME hath our Fancy wandered
'Mid flowered wealth profuse;
And we leave with mingled sorrow
This Garden of the Muse.

Where we spend the pleasant hours
And love to linger long;
Where we make of visions joyful
A healthy wreath of song.

And we think here at the parting,
How care-worn hearts may be
Cheered by these small gleanings
Of maiden Poesy.

Fare ye well, O pleasant flowers,
Whose splendor doth confuse!
Till again our Fancy visit
The GARDEN OF THE MUSE.

THE END.

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